A Newe Ballade intytuled/

Good Fellowes must go learne to Daunce.

Good fellowes must go learne to daunce,
the bryde all is full nere a:
There is a brall come out of Fraunce,
the tryst ye harde this yeare a.
For I must leape and thou must hoppe,
and we must turne all three a:
The fourth must bounce it lyke a toppe,
and so we shall agree a.
I praye thee Mynstrell make no stoppe,
for we will merye be a.

The Brydegrome would giue twentie pounde,
the mariage daye were paste a:
ye knowe whyles louers are vnbounde,
the knotte is slypper faste a.
A better man maye come in place,
and take the Bryde awaye a.
God send our wilkin better grace,
our prette Tom doth saye a.
God Vycar are the banes apace,
and haste the mariage daye a.

A bande of belles in Baudericke wyse,
woulde decke vs in our kynde a:
A shurte after the Morryce guyse,
to flounce it in the wynde a.
A wyffler for to make the waye,
and maye brought in with all a:
Is brauer then the Sunne I saye,
and palleth round or ball a.
For we will tripe so tricke and gaye,
that we will passe them all a.

Drawe to dauncinge neyghboures all
good fellowshyppe is best a:
It skylles not yf we take a fall,
in honorynge this feste a.
The Bryde will thanke vs for oure glee,
the worlde will vs beholde a:
O where shall all this dauncinge bee,
in Kent or at cotsolde a.
Oure Lorde doth knowe then are not mee,
and so my tale is tolde a.

Adewe sweete harte, a dewe
Syth we must parte,
To lose the loue of you,
It greues my harte.
Once againe come kysse me
syth I so long must mys thee
Synge harte shall wyshe thee,
To ease me of my smarte.
And thoughe I nowe do leaue thee,
It wyll I not deceaue thee,
But come againe and wedde thee,
Euen for thy trust desarte.

Syr Launcelotte comes againe syr,
So men do saye:
Com tosse wyll sayle to Spayne sir,
By Tyborne awaye.
Subtoll sinne wyll haue her.
Thoughe wyttie watte do craue her,
yet cuttinge clowne shall saue her,
Unlesse he lose his prayre.
And though ye be so wyle ye,
And she do loke so hyle ye:
At length she wyll begyle ye,
An[illegible]he best ye maye.

I [illegible]s so cope sir,
Sh[illegible] be solde,
W[illegible]s her loye sir,
T[illegible] solde:
Ra[illegible] wyll not blade it,
Jack[illegible]r wyll not swade it,
The Pyllbowes are not made it,
Therof ye maye be bolde.
Although ye nowe haue cought her,
ye wyll repent here after,
For farder ye haue sought her,
Then I haue thought ye would.

Finis.

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